IN POLICE STATION LODGING-HOUSES.

TERRIBLE SCENES IN STIFLING BASEMENTS-OUTCASTS WHO ARE DEEP IN THE MIRE.

The lamps at the door of the Church st. police station looked down the deserted street out and handed down three women. Two of them were English women, known to all American figure of the little party.

Sergeant," said the man as he ushered the

ladies into the station and led them up to the the story was told.

WOMEN LODGERS IN WEST FORTY-SEVENTH-ST.

desk, "this is Lady Henry Somerset, of London, and her friends. They have come to look at the lodgers in your station."

The sergeant had risen, and bowed politely at introduction: he seemed about to extend his hand in friendly greeting, but as he heard the nature of the errand which had brought the visitors at such an hour, he stopped, drew back his hand, half opened his mouth as if to form the word "lodgers," but said nothing; shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and then with sudden de termination, pulled the bell.

"John," he said, as the doorman appeared, recovering his speech with an effort, "these ladies wish to see our lodgers. Show them down!"

The doorman gazed stupidly from the ladies to the sergeant, hesitating with his bunch of brass keys in his hand, but in obedience to an imperative gesture from his superior, led the way to a narrow flight of stairs at the rear of the room.

This way," he said curtly, and went down. The ladies followed. As the man in their party went down last, he caught the eve of the sergeant following them in hopeless bewilderment Then the door fell to behind them. They were in

Barred doors on one side, iron cells on the other. Down a short hall with a view of the underground prison, into another longer and narrower that ran under the Liberty-st, side of the building, and they came to the lodgers' rooms. A big stove, redhot, stood in the alley in front

of their open doors. "This is where the men sleep," said the doorman, stopping at the further door; "and the

went to this same police station and asked for picked half a dozen such, who were trying to business to do it, we have made it our duty to shelter. It was the first time he had accepted sleep sitting on the ends of the planks appro-shelter our vagrants and homeless poor, without even such charity, and as he lay down on his printed by older tramps. They had probably had inquiry as to the causes that made them so; and bard plank in that room downstairs he hugged a possession first, but had been driven from their having done so, it can justly be demanded of little gold locket he wore around his neck, the bertle. None of them was over nineteen, but two us that we shall do it decently. A brief glance

speak English?" said the officer, who helped me

conquer," was the reply. "He lived to become a useful man. That one night in the police station cured him of dreaming. He is now in New

You know him?"

"I know him," said their conductor as he handed the ladies into their carriage.

"Poor fellow!" sighed Lady Somerset, "and you sir! if you ever come to London be sure you

The carriage door slammed and the ladies drove off to their hotel. Their conductor stood looking thoughtfully after the vehicle until it disappeared around the corner. He had told his own story.

Twenty-one years have passed since that home generation of voters, then unborn, has grown up to control the politics, the charities, and the expenditure of the scores of millions for the govern grace of the police station lodging-house system breeds tramps to-day as then. Few who enter them as did that boy live to shake off the moral contagion they harbor. who ordered him out is probably dead long since but the lodging-room, with its filthy planks, filther walls and deadly atmosphere, moral and physical, is there still. The only change for the

"That is because the captain complained that the stench drave him out of his room," said the lodging-room is directly under his. On that occasion I found in the men's room three lodgers, one middle-aged man, who said he was a gardener and

who had slept there for several nights and showed

The Church-st. station lodgers' room is a type

and eleven both sexes. Some are worse than

majority in the back yards over the prisons and

heated from these, receiving also the stenches from

the cells with their drunken occupants to add to their own foul horrors. They have all been de-

nounced from year to year by every authority

having any sort of jurisdiction over them, and by

private citizens who had no authority to do aught

but protest. But they are there unchanged, as

if never a word had been said. Last year they

furnished altogether 147,637 lodgings, and nearly

twice as many during the winter months, when

there was no chance of ventilation as in the sum mer. On a certain cold night last week, when a

census was taken of their occupants, 577 homeles

men and women slept in them. On that night

10 men and 6 women slept in the Church-st.

station, 55 men and 14 women in Oak st., 29 men

women in Elizabeth-st., 29 men and 10 women in

Madison-st., 12 men and 14 women in Malberry

admitted; 23 men and 8 women in East Twenty-second-st., 43 men and 14 women in West

Thirtieth-st., 32 men and 10 women in West

Thirty-seventh-st., 12 men and 11 women in West

Forty-seventh-st., and Ib men and 14 women in

I have mentioned those that harbored the big-

gest crowds. As to the character of these crowds,

two-thirds perhaps were tramps, pure and simple

Nearly all the women were of that hopeless class,

But of the men there was a distinct percentage

than appalling. It seemed so utterly impossible.

were fresh from country homes, innocent yet of

told, 378 men and 199 women.



VACCINATING TRAMPS AT THE OAK-ST. STATION.

board-walls. They had been whitewashed once, two young lads, eighteen and nineteen years old, but it was a long time since; what was left of the old coat of lime hung in thin, gray flakes from the by their listless manner that they had already lost rough boards. In one corner a sink, in the other | the pride that is the only effective antidote to the an open closet. A narrow strip of the floor tramps' lodging. visible just inside the door; all the rest of it hidden from sight by a double row of pine planks of all the rest. There are an even score of police laid on iron racks knee-high from the floor, with stations in the city that harbor lodgers to-day. slight slant from the wall. On each plank a Of these four admit only women, five men only, human form lay stretched out or curled up, asleep. That they were human shapes was made certain others; a few only are now underground, the by the snore they emitted. But for that, they might have been at a casual glance taken for just so many piles of filthy rags. The air was heavy with stenches utterably disgusting. Between the red heat of the big stove and the exhalations of the two rooms, it seemed impossible that a human being could breathe there an hour and live. The narrow hall followed the outer wall, and there were no means of ventilating the rooms, except through the door and over the top of the partitions that did not quite reach the ceil-

The ladies turned away with loathing, after a

brief look. "Is it possible," said Lady Somerset to her conductor, for a man to sleep there a night and come out a decent, self-respecting being?"

Once, yes!" said he dryly, and as they went and 9 women in Leonard-st., 28 men and 10 up-tairs he told them this story :

One rainy October night in the year 1870, a poor boy sat on the bulwark down by the river? st, 2 men and 46 women in the Eldri ige-st, hungry, footsore and drenched to the skin. He sat thinking of friends and home thousands of miles away over the sea, whom he had left six months before to go alone among strangers. He had been alone ever since; but never more so than that night. His money gone, no work to be found, he had slept in the streets for nights, too proud to appeal in his wretchedness to those who could and would help him for the sake of those over there. That day he had eaten nothing; he would die rather than beg. And one of the two he must do soon. There was the dark river, rushwhispered to him of rest and peace he had not of honest "out-of-works," and a certain number known since-it was so cold-and who was there of young lads whose presence there was little less ever know. He moved a little nearer the edge, and humanly speaking, that they should escape the listened more intently. Just then a little whine blight that was upon the rest. Some of these against his; a little black-and-tan dog that had the ways of the world, whose acquaintance they fell on his ear, and a cold wet face was pressed been crouching beside him, nestled in his lap. It were making there with the worst of all introducwas his only friend. He had picked it up in the tions; all of them stranded, from one cause or

like two dull green eyes at 2 o'clock on a recent morning, when a carriage, which had come from him had stolen it. He went up and complained ably. For some reason, Philadelphia figures in were then sitting at-and the sergeant or level him these yarrs to a greater extent than all other newspaper readers. One was tall and thin, and a thief. How should a tramp boy have come wore the traditional garb of the Quakers; the honestly by a gold locket? The doorman put him other, whose dark-blue robe was as severely plain out as he was bidden, and when the little dog as that of her companion, was plainly the control. showed his teeth, a policeman seized it and clubbed his home. The other, who spoke English with

"When he awoke the next morning, the locket out a blush when caught at it. One said that he was gone. One of the tramps who slept with telonged in Philadelphia and was looking for work

with the examination, in surprise. "No, sir!" was the prompt answer. The other tramps jecred. Two of the six, one of whom facedly, to be let out. They assured me that they had never been there before and never again

"And you already

In the entire lot of thirty-four there was only one really old man. The rest were young, vigorous and able-bodied. They all told the same story of looking vainly for work; but when I asked how many of them would take a job in the morning at a dollar a day, less than half held up their work at any price. The officers at one of the He had struck a house full of tramps in whose loctrine that the world owes them a living there doctrine that the world owes them a living there is no room for any scheme of collecting it that proposes an equivalent in work. They prefer to "work the missions" until detected and put out, to beg, or to "skin" an occasional clothesline. To the height of burglary or any crime requiring courage the tramp never soars, and it is only in the lodging-room. One could easily be believed, was visited that did not have its tramp cook in the lodging-room. One could easily be believed, where there cook, he said he was:

VICE WHICH IS UNCHECKED got up hastily and taking the dog in his arm of the lodging-rooms in the Oak-st, station I New-York. Whether or not it was the city's

There had been two or three raids upon the more than a hundred of the old rounders had been sent to the workhouse, there was low ebb in the wards, they are all long and narrow, with just space for one row of planks upon an iron rack gangway three feet wide running along the foot end. The floor was slippery and unclean, but not more so than the lodgers, who lay about in very attitude of lazy indifference. With the exeption of the six young lads, they were more or ess ragged, those that were less with the distinct promise of being more very speedily. It was clear that if nothing but their own effort to prevent it stood in the way, the process would never be arreste i. Though it was early, the air, made worse by the qualmy heat that came up from the prison below, was already so heavy with the mingled stenches of human uncleanliness and Fourth Ward rum as to be endurable only by the reflection how crew had slept there a whole night. Even the camera revolted against it, and only a fogged and blurred photograph of the scene was obtained with difficulty by the use of a powerful flash-light. In it all, one veteran tramp squatted on his plank devouring his supper of meat scraps and stale crusts, which he had in a foul old bandanna hand-kerchief. He paid no attention to what went on

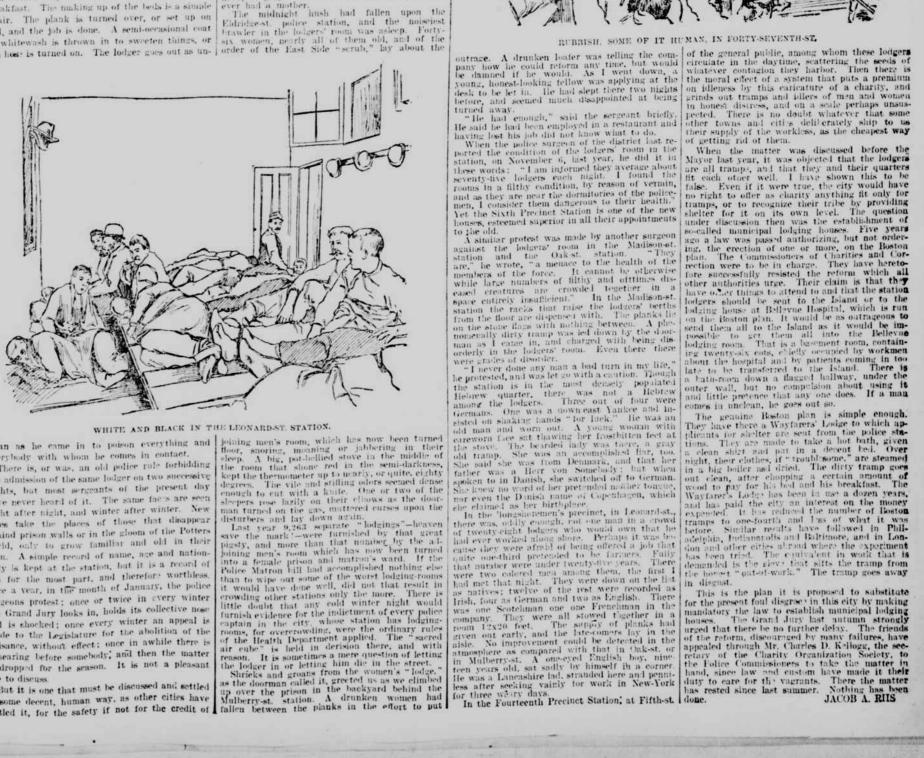


MIDNIGHT IN ELDRIDGEST.

the country or under circumstances of alluring safety that he will assault a d-fenceless woman. The stale beer diet of the Mulberry-st. Bend is not of a kind that fosters daring of any sort. As to the women—old Shake-speare, whom "the Ripper" murdered, was one of them, and her career suggests the story of them all. When the street gives them up, an occasional job of holiday scrubbing in the East Side Hebrew quarter is the only chance of honest employment that remains to them. At the police station, they are mains to them. At the police station, they are

the only chance of honest employment that remains to them. At the police station, they are made to carn their nightly plank by doing the doorman's work for him.

At dark the door is opened to them. Thereafter they come strangling in until the lodging-room is full. That is an elastic term, stretched to suit the weather and the seignant's mood. Rooms that are calculated to hold twenty or twenty-live are every cold night packed with forty, fifty an isixty human wreaks. When every plank is taken the late-comets crowd in on the floor under them or in the narrow gangways, until the squeezing in of the hast tramp starts a fight that brings out the police and lands the whole company in the terms that game the steps with profuse bissings that sounded like rank blasphemy in that place. The matron opened the door with some hesitation, and we present the police and lands the whole company in the steps with quickly enough. The of the last tramp starts a fight that brings out the police and lands the whole company in the cells below en route for the Island. If no such catsatrophe occurs, the lodgers are roused before daybreak and made to do chores about the station before they are let out to forage for their breakfast. The making up of the beds is a simple affair. The plank is turned over, or set up on end, and the job is done. A semi-occasional coat of whitewash is thrown in to sweeten things, or the hose is turned on. The lodger goes out as unloaded the door with seme nestration, and we looked in. It was shit quickly enough. The mount into she or crowned as the one we had left, was, if anything, fouler. It looked what in fact it was at the moment, a section of Waterstein breakfast. The making up of the beds is a simple affair. The plank is turned over, or set up on end, and the job is done. A semi-occasional coat of whitewash is thrown in to sweeten things, or the hose is turned on. The lodger goes out as unloaded the door with seme nestration, and we looked in. It was shit quickly enough. The mount in tent it was at the moment, a section, and we looked in. It was shit quickly enough. The mount in the one we had left, was, if anything, fouler. It looked what in fact it was at the moment, a section, and we looked in. It was shit quickly enough. The mount in the one we had left, was, if anything, fouler. It looked was in fact it was at the moment, a section, and we looked in. It was shit quickly enough. The mount in the one we had left, was, if anything, fouler. It looked what in fact it was at the moment, a section, and we looked in. It was the foult plant in the one we had left, was, if anything, fouler. It looked what in fact it was at the moment, a section, and we looked in. It was not coment, and left, was, if anything fouler. It looked what in fact it was at the moment, a section, and we looked in. It was not contained the one we had left, was, if anything fouler. It looked what in fact it was at the moment, as coment, and left



WHITE AND BLACK IN THE LEONARD-ST. STATION.

clean as he came in to poison everything and everybody with whom he comes in contact.

There is, or was, an old police rule forbidding the admission of the same lodger on two successive nights, but most sergeants of the present day have never heard of it. The same fac's are seen night after night, and winter after winter. New faces take the places of those that disappear behind prison walls or in the gloom of the Potters Field, only to grow familiar and old in their turn. A simple record of name, age and nationality is kept at the station, but it is a record of lies for the most part, and therefore worthless, once a year, in the month of January, the police surgeons protest; once or twice in every winter the Grand Jury looks in, holds its collective nose and is shocked; once every winter an appeal is made to the Legislature for the abolition of the nuisance, without effect; once in awhile there is a hearing before somebody, and then the matter is dropped for the season. It is not a pleasant one to discuss.

But it is one that must be discussed and settled the East Fifty-first-st. station. There were, all faces take the places of those that disappear one to discuss.

street, as forlorn as himself, and it had stuck to him. Its touch recalled him to himself. He they little understood. Out of the crowd in one settled it, for the safety if not for the credit of

small rooms, that were long and narrow, like those in Oak-st., but not nearly so large. One besotted old wretch, half-naked and with dishevelled hair arrang

one on the rack, and some of thed had fallen upon and held her pinned to the floor where she lay. Two trembling hags were trying vainly to raise her up. By using one of the planks as a lever the doorman succeeded where they falled. Drunken lodgers, it may be casually observed, are not admitten in theory. There was the usual open sink with its vile smells, and the closet that is supposed to be fenced off from the room proper, but without a door. The images were there, but the door was gone. Three lean and many exts sneaked about under the iron rack upon which the planks were slanted. Big ventilators from the prison below brought up foul air in plenty, but no fresh air down. The doorman being spoken to about this, said simply: "Them people smells worse than the prison." And he was right.

There were twenty-three women in the two small rooms, that were long and narrow, like those in the best part to the flat that many of them were regular customers. The eight women lodgers were of the usual class, and so were the thirteen women I saw in the Union Market station, where the men's lodging room has been taken for a new tier of claimed to be natives and five termans. The ser-geant said that many of them were regular cus-tomers. The eight women lodgers were of the usual class, and so were the thirteen women I saw in the Union Market station, where the men's lodging-room has been taken for a new tier of cells. The lodging-room here is on the main floor, arranged, as in Church-st., with a head-high par-



do. If we didn't we wouldn't this."

There were twenty planks in the men's rooms
There were twenty planks in the men's rooms
and the second of There were twenty planks in the men's rooms and upon every one a squatter. At least seven of them were men who would certainly work—yet. How long they could be expected to keep up the wish for honest employment in those surroundings was another thing. One said he was a clothing cutter, but getting too old for the shop. Another, a roofer, was just out of the hospital. He had walked around three nights before he made up his mind to go there. Still another, an Irishman, thirty-nine years old, had followed the sea, and becan in the quartermaster's department during the war, so he said. He was inhibited

hanging about a bloody and bruised face, answered the question put to another whether she drank. "I," she roared with oath, "I drink ail I can get, and that's very little." The one addressed said without any show of resentment: "Yes, I do. If we didn't we wouldn't be in a place like this."

There were twenty planks in the men's rooms and upon every one a squatter. At least seven of them were men who would certainly work—yet. How long they could be expected to keep up the wish for honest employment in those surroundings was another thing. One said he was a clothing cutter, but getting too old for the shop. Another, a roofer, was just out of the hospital. He had walked around three nights before he made up his mind to go there. Still another, an Irishman, thirty-nine years old, had followed the

lie had walken around three Bills another, an Irishman, thirty-nine years old, had followed the sea, and been in the quarternaster's department during the war, so be said. He was jobbing about now without anything definite to do, and had to resort to the police station every once in awhile. The last I spoke with was a young plumber, nineteen years old. He had been sick and in the hospital; his parents were dead, his job gone and he had slept where he was for a week. All chance of finding another job was clearly slipping from him with the wish to find it.

On the doorstep as I went out I met three young Germans, looking for shelter. They were fine-looking, hardy fellows, just from Baltimoro where an oysterman had beaten them out of a month's wages. They crowded up eagerly in the hope of hearing of another job.

The lodging-rooms in the Elizabeth-st. station are larger, and they need to be. Sometimes forty or fifty wretches are packed in each. The night I called, there were twenty-eight men and ten women there. The full capacity of both rooms, reckoning by the namber of planks, is forty. More than half of the lodgers were Germans. In the other stations the Irish element had preponderated. There was one decent woman in the lot, who kept her head covered with her shaw while I was in the place, and cried when the mattern tried to make her show her face. Among the men were a Danish gardener who had come in from Long Island, and a German tresh from the old country, who had evidently seen better days. They had come in together and kept apart from the rest. These and there others that were very young men were clean, and to put them in that room was an order to wond in any part of a station house." There is the point of view, of the policemen. There are other ways of looking at it. There is the point of view and the policemen. There are other ways of looking at it. There is the point of view and the matter from the point of view of the policemen. There are other ways of looking at it. There is the point of view and the p caught at my sleeve as I went toward the sleeping figure.

"That is a young girl: ye lave her be," she said, with a harshness that did her infinite credit. And so it, was—the first young girl I had seen that week in any of the stations. The doorman said that they came often, but I may be parloned for not believing him. This was a stepfather case, though the doorman said "whiskey." He was mistaken again. The child swallowed one dry sob after another, and bit her fingers in an effort to keep from crying while she spoke from under the apron. She had run away from her service out on Long Island.



RUBBISH, SOME OF IT HUMAN, IN FORTY-SEVENTH-ST.